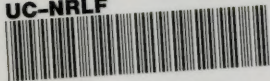


UC-NRLF



B 3 549 083



LIBRARY  
OF THE  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.

*Class*

930  
P636

h  
1567

1910

CASE

B







## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The History of Forester

By JOHN PIKERING

*Date of this the Earliest and only Known Edition* 1567

[B.M. Press-mark, C. 34, g. 28]

*Reproduced in Facsimile* . . . . . 1910





# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## The History of Foresters

By JOHN PIKERING

1567



*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMX

**GENERAL**  
-74L



# The History of Thorestes

By JOHN PIKERING

1567

*One copy only of this interlude is known to exist: that in the British Museum from which this facsimile reprint has been taken.*

*Likewise, of the Author nothing is known: he is not even mentioned in the D.N.B.*

*Mr. Herbert, of the Manuscript Department of the British Museum, comparing this facsimile with the original, says the most noticeable fault is that (in places) where any of the lettering from the other side of the leaf shows through in the original over-heavy printing exaggerates the effect, and leads often to letters and even whole words being blurred and illegible which are perfectly clear in the original.*

*Mr. Herbert earmarks as "rather too black, heavy, leading to an undue thickening of the strokes," the twelve following pages: Title; A. ii. v.; A. iii. r.; a word or two on A. iii. v.; and A. iv. r.; lines 1, 3, 4, 5 and 6 of A. iv. v.; the foot of B. i. v.; the first quarter of B. iii. r.; B. iv. r. and v.; E. iii. r.; and E. iv. r. The remaining twenty-eight pages faithfully follow the printing of the original and some signatures Mr. Herbert characterises as especially excellent reproductions—A. i. v.; C. i. r.; C. i. v.; D. iii. r.*

JOHN S. FARMER.









# A NEWE

Enterlude of Alice Conteyninge, the  
Hystorie of Hojesses with the cruell  
reuegment of his Fathers death,  
bypon his one naturall Mother.  
by John Bkeryng.

## The players names.

The Alice,	Clytemnestra.	Sodper.	Truthe.
Rusticus.	Halterfycke.	Pobulle.	Fame.
Hodge.	Hempstryng.	Nature.	Hermione.
Hojessa	Belloz.	Woulfson.	Deuiey.
Idumeus.	Penelaus.	Harrald.	Hessenger.
Councell.	A woman.	Sodper.	Egeus.
			Commones.

## The names deuised for vs. to playe.

The first the Alice and Nature. and Deuiey. 3.

2. Rusticus. Idumeus. 2. Sodper. Penelaus. & Pobulles. 5.

3. Hodge. Counsell. Hessenger. Belloz. & Commones. 5.

4. Hojesses. a woman. & Prologue. 1.

5. Halterfycke. Sodper. Egeus. Harrald. Fame. Truth  
and Idumeus. 7.

6. Hempstryng. Clytemnestra. Woulfson. & Hermione. 4.

Printed at London in Fleetstreete, at the  
signe of the Falcon by William Griffith. and  
are to be solde at his shoppe in S. Dunstons  
Churchyearde. Anno. 1567.









## The Wyce.



Ayra nay soft, what: let me see,  
 God morrowe to you syz, how do you fare?  
*Sante a men.* I thincke it wyll be.  
 the next day in þ moorning, before I com thear  
 Well forwarde I wyll, for to ppepare,  
 Some weapons & armour, þ catines to quell,  
 Ille teache the hurchetes, agayne to rebell.  
 Rebell: ye syz, how saye you there to?  
 What: you had not best their partes to take:  
 Woulde the content foole, and do as I do,  
 Or elles me chaunce, your pate for to ake.  
 He and thats moze, for feare thou shalt quake,  
 Before Hozeles, when in good south he,  
 Shall arryue in this lande, reuenged to be:  
 Well forwarde I wyll, thynges to pourtraye,  
 In good south for the iwares, as I shall thincke good.  
 Farre well good man dotterell, and marke what I saye,  
 Or elles it may chaunce you, to seke a new hond:  
 You would eate no moze cakbzead, I thinke then by þ roud,  
 If that, that same poulle from your shoulderdes were hent,  
 You would thincke you were yll, if so you were shent.

*Rusticus.*

Chyll neuer naboze hodge, haue a glade harte,  
 Tyll Egissous the kyng, hath for his desarte:  
 Receiued belo punnyshment, for this well I knowe,  
 Hozeles to Crete, with Idumeous dyd go.  
 When his fater was slayne, by his Mother most yll,  
 And therefore I thincke, that com heather he wyll:  
 And reuenge the insurey, of his mother most dyare,  
 Wastinge our land with woꝛde, and with byare.

*Hodge.*

Jesu naboꝛ, with byar and woꝛde: saye you so:  
 By gys naboꝛ, chyll saue one I tro:  
 For iche haue smaull good, by gise for to lose.  
 And therefore iche care not, how euer it gosse.  
 But chyll not be slayne, chyll loue nothinge woꝛste,  
 Chyll neuer be bournt, for the mony in my pourse,

*A.ij.*

Hear en-  
 cryth Ru-  
 sticus, &  
 hodge.

Iche



A Peue Enterlude.

Iche hane small roudbockes, and sobyers I kno,  
Wt I'll robbe the ricke chozles, and let the pooze knaues go.  
Myce.

A syre, nowe slepe, and pause their a whyle,  
Be not to hasty, but take all the daye:  
We God I am weareye, with comming this myle,  
And hauing no money, my hoxe bepare to paye.  
Wt ho how, I rode on my site, all the waye,  
Jesu what ground, since yester day at none,  
Haue I gut chozow, with this pare of shoue.

Musikus.

Na boz hodge, be goge hatche none I beare,  
That this lyttell houchet, the debayance doth beare.  
Come let vs go, and of him in good south:  
We woll conquear out, the berey truth.

Myce.

Burchyt, goges oundes gyppie with a wanyon,  
Ar you so loutrey, in sayth good man clound:  
Oundes, hart, and nayles, this is a franston,  
Ile teache you to floute me, I hould you a pounce.  
Wt that it weare not, in sayth soz my gound:  
It wyl I be knoe vni, yet soz all that.

Hodge.

Fight

Would good master, you ware my new hat.

Myce.

Ha, ha, he, mar his hat quoth he: thear was all his thought  
Tout tout, soz the blase he set not a penn.  
That garment is dyer, that with blase is bought,  
Well steres to in treat me, syth you begyn:  
I am contentyd, my blade now shall in.  
But tell me speres tell me no whearefoze of me,  
The cause on this sozt, your taulkyng should be.

Musikus.

By gis and iche chyll master, soz all my great payne,  
Of this matter to you to tell the beary playne:  
My nayboz hodge and I, in good south,  
Got hear in the velden, I tell you the truth:  
Now as we wear talkinge, marke what I saye.

you







Of Wyce.

You came in straight, and of vs cross the waye.  
Which thinge for zarten, when I dyd espye,  
This fancey blouncht, in my head by and by:  
And to hodge I sayde that, by gys I dyd beare,  
That your mashtyp, good master the debyaunce doth beare,  
And he cause you weare lyttell, and of stature but smaull:  
Pour person a hounchet, in sayth I dyd caull.  
But by gis be contentyd, boz chyll neater moze,  
Obend you a gains, but cham zoze thearuoze.

Wyce.

If they weare not twayne, I cared not a poynt,  
But tivo is to meynex, the p'ouerbe douth tell:  
Elles be his oundes, I would tohard this toynt,  
And teache them agaynste me, againe to rebelle.  
O that I wear abull, the knaues boz to quell,  
Then would I tryomphe, passinge all measure.

Hodge.

Zentyll man zentyll man, at your owne pleasure;  
In sayth we be, and thearuoze we praye,  
What they name, is to vs boz to jaye.

Wyce.

My name would ye kno, marcey you shauld;  
Harke frynde; soust to the I wyll it declare:  
Master pacience master pacience, many on doth me call;  
But com heather nabor hodge, thou must haue a share,  
By gys: unto the I wyll not spare,  
The same soz to shoue, whearfoze my frend,  
My name is pacience if thou it perpend.

Hodge.

Past shame? Godes ge nabor past shame?  
By godes ge nabor thates a tryccom name.

Wyce.

Tell a mare a tall, and shyll gerd out a fart  
Se how the as my wordes, douth mystrake,  
Would it not anger a saynt at the harte:  
Lo se what a scoffe of my name, he douth make:  
O oundes of me, as still as a flake.  
He standith, nought caring what of him may be sayde,

A New Enterlud.

Be his woundes, I woud haue a arme, or a syde.  
Sought let me se, it is best to be styll,  
Good slepinge in a hole skynne, ould foules do saye,  
Not withstanding I wis, ill haue myne owne wyll.  
Saye I wyll be reuenged, by his oundes and I maye,  
Syrre you good man Rusticus, marke what I saye:  
Marke in thine eare man, this dyd I see,  
A hoge of thynne wearpd to be.

Rusticus.

Godes g'e maister patience, I praye you me tell.  
What hozsen chozles doge, my hogge so dyd quell:  
Iche sware by gise, and holpe zaynt blyue,  
Chyll be zwinge him, and ich be a lyue,  
By godes de cham angry, and not well content,  
Chould ha wear hear, chould make him repent.  
Ich had rather gyuen, boze stryke of cozne,  
Then to had my hogge on this wyse forlozne;  
But if I knewe whous dogge chould be,  
Reuenged well inough iche warrent the.

Wyce.

Ha, ha, he, by god Rusticus, I maye saye in no game,  
I knowe the person, whose dogge so did slaye.  
Thy hogge fye fye man, it was a bearey shame,  
For thy naphoz hodge, to let it by this daye.  
Well I wyll go to him, and se if I maye,  
By any meanes procure him, to make the amendes;  
Alle do the best I can, to make you both frendes.

Rusticus.

Chyll be no frendes, chad rather be hanged,  
Tyll iche haue that ould kacle, wel and thyzteley hanged,  
And twear not your maschyppe, dyd me with hould,  
Do swing the urchet, iche chould be bould,

Wyce.

Ha, ha, he, nay, nay, spare not for me,  
Go to it straght, if thear to ye gre,

Rusticus.

Hodge I harde saye, thou illy, hast wrought,  
For my hogge vnto death, with thi dog thou haste brought  
Iche







Of Wyce.

Iche byd the thy baute, to me to amend,  
O chyll swaddell the, iche sweare in my bat end.  
Hodge.

Swaddell me godes get: chyll care not a poynte,  
Iche haue a good bat, thy bones to a noynte:  
Thou olde carle I zaye, thy hoge hurtyd me,  
And therfore I wyll haue, a mended now of the.  
Py rye and my otes, my beanes and my pease,  
They haue eaten by quight, but small for my easo:  
And therfore iche zaye, all thy hogges kepe baste,  
O iche wyll them wearey, as longe as they laste.  
By godes get, I can neuer come in my ground,  
But that zame wyne, in my pease iche haue founde.

Wyce.

Tout tout Rusticus, these wordes be but wynd  
To him man, to him, and swaddell him well:  
We neuer leaue him, as longe as thou can fynd  
Him whot, but teathe him, a gaine to rebell,  
What nededest thou to care, though his wordes be so fell,  
Tout tout tharte bywylfe, and followe my mynde:  
And I warraunt the in end, some ease thou shalt fynde.

Rusticus.

Godes ge hourson hoge, paye me for my swine,  
O eles larne to kepe, that cockes come of thyne.  
Hodge.

Godes de, do thy worst, I care not a poynte,  
Chyll paye the none, chyll sobard a loynte.

Wyce.

Pay stand I styll some what, I wyll lend,  
Take this for a rewarde, now a waye I must wend.

Rusticus.

O Godes get, cham swinged so sore,  
Iche thynke chaul neuer lyue one houre more.

Hodge.

O godes ge I thynke, my betones well in zander,  
If ich get home by gis, ittes a wonder:  
Farewell Rusticus, for by gis ich chaul,  
When I mete the agayne, bezyng the boz all.

A lill.

Rusticus

My wylth  
thy staf, &  
be readye  
to smyte,  
but hadg  
smilt first,  
and let y  
bise thwa  
cke them  
both and  
run out.

A New Enterlude.

Rusticus.

Have losses be frendes, and chyll in good part,  
Of howne ale at my house, giue the a whole whart:  
What hodge make honores, mon be mercey and launce,  
By godes ge the had not, the best end of the staffe.

Hodge.

go out Cham contented waphoz Rusticus, shauld be ene so,  
Come to they house, I praye the let vs go.

Hozelles.

Entrich. To cauld to mende the crabyd rage of mothers yll attempte  
Proouokes me now all pyttie quight, from me to be exempt:  
Yet lo dame nature teles me that, I must with willing mind  
For giue the saute and to pytie, some what to be inclynd.  
Wat lo be hould thad vllires dame, on hourdome mozder bill  
Hath heaped by not contented, her sponsaute bed to spyll:  
With soxrayns loue but sought also, my sacal thred to share  
As erst befoze my fathers spyll, in sonder she dyd pare.  
O paterne loue why doubtte thou so, of pytye me: request,  
Seth thou to me wast quight denyed, my mother being prest:  
When tender yeres this corps of mine, did hould alas for wo  
The frend my mother shuld haue bin the was she chese my fo  
Oh godes therfoze sith you be iust, vnto whose poure & wyl.  
All thing in heauen, and earth also: obaye and sarue vntyll.  
Declare to me your gracious mind, shall I reuenged be,  
Of good kynge Agamemnon: death, ye godes declare to me  
D: shall I let the, adulteres dame, spyll wallow in her sin,  
Oh godes of war, giue me a right, when I shall war begyn.

Wyce.

Warre quoth he, I war in dede, and trye it by the. sworde,  
God saue you syz, the godes to ye: haue sent this kind of word  
That in the hault you armour take, your fathers sofe to slaye  
And I as gode with you shall go, to gyde you on the way.  
By me thy mynd shet wathful dome, shalbe perfozmd in dede  
Therefore Hozelles marke me well, & forwarde do procede.  
For to reueng the fathers death, for this they all haue mene  
Wathich thing for to demonstrat lo, to the they haue sent me,

Hozelles.

At you good syz, the messenger of godes as you do saye

Wyll







Of Wyce.

What they in reuenging this wrong, I make not long delay.  
Wyce.  
What neede you dout, I was in heauen, whe al þ gods did gre  
That you of Agamemnon's death, for south reuengid should be  
Doutt, put of that childish loue, couldst thou w a good wil  
Contented be: that one should so, they father seme to kyll:  
Why waylst þ man, leaue of I say, plucke corrage vnto the.  
This lamentation sone shall fade, if thou imbrazedest me.

Hozelles

What is they name may I in queare D sacro wight I pray  
Declare to me & with this feare, do not my hart disnaye.  
Wyce.

Amonge the godes celestiaall, I Courrage called am,  
You to a Wyse in bearey truth, from out the heauens I cam  
And not wout god Marsis his leaue, I durst hear show my face  
Which thou shalt fele if that ther glit thou dost sozthw imbace  
Hozelles.

And sith it is thear gracions will, welcom thou art to me,  
O hely wight for this thear gyft, I thanke them hartelley.  
My thinkes I fele all feare to fley, all sozrow grefe & payne,  
My thinkes I fele corrage prouokes, my wil for ward againe  
For to reuenge my fathers death, and infamey so great,  
Oh how my hart doth boyle in dede, w firey perching heate.  
Courrage now welcom by the godes, I find thou art in dede,  
A messenger of heauenly gostes, come let vs now procede.  
And take in hand to bynge to pas, reuengyd for to be,  
Of those which haue my father slaine, but soft now let me se  
Idumeus that worthy kinge, doth com into this place,  
What saye you corrage: shal I now declare to him my case?  
Wyce.

Faul to it then and slacke no time, for tyme once pass away,  
Doth cause repentence, but to late to com old soules do say.  
When tede is stolen, to late it is to hyt the stable doze,  
Take time I say, while time doth giue a leasure god therfore  
Idumeus.

What euer he be that sceptar beares o: rules in state full hie  
Is lonest down throug soztimes eyar, & bzought to mysferey,  
As of late yeaues the worthy kinge Agamemnon by name,  
B. j. whole

A Newe Enterlud.

Whos parts throughout þ world is blou, by goldē trip of fame  
His wel won fame in marshall Cour, doth reache vnto þ sky  
Yet so througħ fortunes blind attempt, he lo in earth doth lie  
He þ had past the fate of war, where chaunce was equall set,  
Througħ fortunes spight is caught alacke; win olde Meros net  
And he whtely somtime did delight, in clothed coat of maylle,  
Is now constraind in Carones bote, ouer the brouke to saylle.  
That Rose vpon þ fatall bankes, of Plutose kingdome great  
And that in shade of silent wodes, and balcys grēne do beate.  
¶ Here soules of kinges & other wights a poyntyd are to be,  
In quiet state there also is, this wothe they reall tre.  
Of south I sope for to behold, Horesses adyue cheare,  
The which in father somtime was, in son doth now appear,  
But where is he that all this day, I neuer sawe his face,

Horesses.

Benll do' At hand O King thy seruant is, which wissheth to thy grace  
wne. All hapl with happy fate certayne, w pleasures many souls,  
But yet my leege a sute I haue, if I might be so bold.  
To craue the same my soferayn lord, wherby I might aspyer  
Vnto the thing with very much, O king I do requier.

Idumeus.

¶ What thing is that if we suppose, it lausfull for to be,  
On pynces faith without delaye, it shall be given the.

Uyce.

¶ Out let him alone now, we may in good south,  
I was not so lustey, my pourpose to get:  
But now of my honestey, I tell you of truth,  
In reuenging the wronge, his wynd he hath set:  
It is not Idumeus that hath poure to let.  
Horesses fro sekinge his mother to kyll,  
¶ Out let hym alone, hele haue his owne wyll.

Horesses.

¶ Sith that your grace hath willed me, this my desire to shew,  
Wh gratious king this thing it is, I let your grace to know.  
¶ That long I haue request to be, my fathers kingley place,  
And eke for to reuenge the wronge done to my fathers gence,  
Is myne intent wherfore o king, graunt that wout delaye  
My earstage and honoz eke, atchpyue agayne I maye. To a  
Step







Of Wyce.

Idumeus.

Step theſe a while Hozeſtes mine, tyll counceſſe do decree?  
The thing that ſhall vnto your ſtate, moſt honorable be.  
My counceiler how do you thinke, let vs your counceiler haue.  
How thinke you by this thing, & which Hozeſtes now doth craue.  
Counceiler ſay what you ſee. Counceiler ſay what you ſee.  
As I do thinke my ſoſerayne lord, it ſhould be nothing ill,  
A Prince for to reuenged be, on thoſe which ſo dyd kyll.  
His fathers: grace but rather ſhall, it be a feare to thoſe,  
That to the lyke at any time, their cruell mindes diſpoſe.  
And alſo as I thinke it ſhall, an honeꝝ be to vs,  
To aduante and helpe him with, ſome men reuenged to be.  
This do I thinke moſt ſureſt for, your ſtate and his alſo.  
Do as you lyſt ſith that your grace, my mind herin doth know.

Idumeus.

Sith Counceiler thinkeſt it ſure in ded, reuenged for to be,  
That you Hozeſtes in good ſouth, for to reuenge I gee.  
And alſo to mayntaine your war, I graunt you w god will,  
A thouſand men of ſtomake holde, your enemiſe to kyll.  
Take them forth with, & ſo ward go, let ſlpy no tyme ne tyd.  
For chaunce to leaſure to be bound, I tell you can not byd.  
So therfore ſtraight prouide your men, & like a manly knight  
In place of ſlouer put forth thy ſelfe, aſſay w all thy might.  
To win the ſame, for gloꝝy none, in charyng doth reſt  
Marke what I ſaye to get thy men, I take it for thy beſt.

Wyce.

Com on Hozeſtes ſith thou haſt, obteyned thy deſier.  
Tut tut man, ſeke to deſtroye, as doth the flaming fier:  
Whoe proper to thou knoweſt doth grow, as long as any thing  
Is leſt wher by the ſame may ſeme, ſom ſuckcoꝝ for to byng.

Hozeſtes.

I thanke your grace I ſhal ſequer, your graciouſe mind herin.

Wyce.

Se ſe I praye you how he loſe, that he muſt war begin. Go out.

Idumeus.

My counceiler now declare to me, how thinke you by this wight Go out.  
Doth not he ſeme in ſouth to be, in tyme a manly knight.  
By all the godes I thinke in ſouth, a man may eaſely know,  
Whoe

W. J.

A. *Pebo* Enterlud.

Whose son he was, so right he doth his fathers steppes follo.  
Councell.

Undoubtedly my soferaynd lord, he semeth unto me,  
For to request his fathers steppes, in feates of chivalrey:  
But rather for to imitate, the flour of grea<sup>er</sup>son land,  
I meane *Achilles* that same knight, by whose one only hand  
The *Grecians* haue obtained at laingth y<sup>e</sup> conquest of old *Troy*.  
For which thei did hold x. yer<sup>es</sup> space, their labo<sup>r</sup> great employ<sup>e</sup>  
*Ilium*.

Yeth he is gon for to puruaye, such thinges as shall in dede,  
Suffise to farne his founn in wares, wherof he shal haue m<sup>uch</sup>  
Yet as he part and when he shall, retourne heather a gaine,  
To see the multo<sup>r</sup> of his men, we wyll sure take the payne.

Go out.

*Halterpyche.*

*The Songe.*

Entriche  
& syngeth  
this song  
to y<sup>e</sup> tune  
of hane o  
uer y<sup>e</sup> wa  
ter to flo  
ride o<sup>r</sup> se  
lengers  
round.



Arre well adew, that courtlyche hys,  
To warre we tend to golwe:

It is good sport to se the streys,

Of sodgers on a rowe.

How mereley they forwarde march,

These enemyes to slaye:

With hey tym and tryre to,

Their banners they dysplaye.

Now shaul we haue the Golden cheates,

When others want the same:

And sodgers haue foull maney feates,

Their enemyes to tame.

With couching heare, and bomynge thet,

They breake thear fose araye:

And lousley lades amid the feloes,

Thear ensines do dysplaye.

The drum and flute playe lousleley,

The troumpet blowe a mayne:

And ventrous knightes corragiousley,

Do march befoze thear trayne:

With speare in rest so truly bred,

In armour byghte and gaye:

With hey tym and tryre to,

*Thear*







Thear banners they dysplaye.

Hempfringe.

Goges oundes haultersycke, what makea thou heare.

Haultersycke.

What : Jacke hempfringe welcom.

Hempfringe.

By his oundes I haue soughte the some newe the to tell.

Haultersycke.

Goges bloud what makea, is the deuell in helles.

Hempfringe.

In sayth thou art in my way, but this is the matter.

Doult thou hear haultersycke, each man dash clatter.

Of warres, ye of warres, so, hopelesse well go.

His crytage to wynd, hope the truth is so.

Haultersycke.

Pay but Jacke hempfringe seale of this pater.

If thou caull me boye, then beware the gate.

Hempfringe.

What hould the peace, as far as I se.

We be boye both thearfore let us goe.

Haultersycke.

Boye naye be god, though I be but small.

Yet Jacke hempfringe, a hart is worth all.

And haue not I an hart, that to warres dare go.

Yes hempfringe I warrant the, & that thou shouldest know.

If dycke haultersyckes mynde, thou moue vnto eyar.

Colles neuer bourne, tell they be set one fyare.

Hempfringe.

We but if they bourne, so that they came.

Yet water dycke haultersycke, the bourning cane tame.

But hake the, my master will venter a loyde.

And me to wayte on him, he all readye both poynt.

But hearke thou, thou knowest my master loves well.

Now and then to be snappinge, at some dayntye mouell.

But by goges bloud haultersycke, if thou lide me.

Take some pytrey wenche out lammar to be.

And be goges bloud, I am contented to beare.

Halfe of her charge, when that she comes thear.

Wif.

Haultersycke.

A New Interlude.

Haulterfycke.

As fyt for the warre, Iacke hempftringe thou art,  
In sayth as a be; is to drawe a cart.  
He is lyke to be manned; that hath such a knight,  
Under his banner, I sweare for to fight;  
When thou dostes in fight; moste buisest shal be,  
Then with thy gynnep, we must seke the.  
Hempftringe.

Goges oundes, hart, and nayles, you are a scanton;  
Come of with a myschiefe; mygentell companion.  
By your sone fire haulterfycke, I thinke that a be;  
As good a sodayer as ever was ye.

Haulterfycke.

He hath learned his lesson, but of south I feare,  
He hath quight for gotten; the swape for to sweare.  
Dundes, hart, and nayles, maye hee not lab;  
And he be not hanged, he wyll be carke, and

Hempftringe.

Hange me no hanging; yf ye be so quicke,  
Koube not to hard, lest hempftringe do kyche.

Haulterfycke.

flout hym. Had better be styll, and a slepe in his head;  
yf a kyche me, me chaunce to breake his head.

Hempftringe.

Goges bloud good man halterfycke, begine you to flout me

Haulterfycke.

Do not at all be douth but lout ye.

What hempftringe I saye, are you angred at lesse.

flout hym In sayth goodman lobcocke, your handsonley dyest:

on p lipes Hempftringe.

Goges bloud so to flout me; thou art muche to blame;

Haulterfycke.

Why all that I do man, is but in game.

Hempftringe.

give him Take thou that for thy lesse, and flout me no more:

a bor on p Haulterfycke.

care For that same on blowe, thou shalt haue a scoyre;

Drawe thy sword bylone, yf thou be a man;

And







Paye for sword a lye; and at bootes well arey.  
 Oh steele of his body; shall hang the massory.  
 Gages sundes thou art bygger, yett I care not a penny  
 If to be reuenged; I towarde a lye; and at bootes well arey.

Fyght at  
 bootes well  
 fykes

Hempsting.

I haue coplyd the well, but I holde the a groote  
 We shon the well with me; I will change thy cate.  
 In bide I will saye; I haue bought the woost.  
 But I will be reuenged, or els I shall bourke.  
 If time be not call me; from hence to depart.  
 I should anger the hempsting; euen at the hart.  
 Therefore I will sell an other daye.  
 But haue thou take this; to spend by the waye.  
 Gages sundes to he gon; maye after I will.  
 And of the slaue by his oundes, I will haue my sell.

Give him  
 a box on  
 the eare & go  
 out.

Hozelles.

Oh godes be prosperous I praye, & eke preserve my band.  
 Show now I ye be gods in ded; stretch out your mighty hand  
 And giue vs hartes & willes also; where by we may prenapli  
 And suffer not you godes I praye; our couragis to sapli.  
 But let our hartes addryd be; for aye as we pretend,  
 And of that hille adulleres dame; oh gods now make an end.  
 My harts do chyrst her blod to haue; nought can my mid content  
 Till I on her I haue persournd; oh gods your iust iudgmēt

go out.  
 let I dzum  
 playe and  
 Hozelles  
 enter w  
 his men &  
 then lette  
 him knale  
 downe &  
 speake.

nature.

Paye for my child firs mothers blood to dya the blonde had

Hozelles.

Do nought at all oh nature can; my purpose now withstand,  
 Shall I for giue my fathers death; my hart can not agree  
 My father slayne in such a sozte; and breuenged to be.  
 Consider first hozelles myney; what payne for he the toke;  
 And oh my fathers death againe; o nature do thou louke.

stand by.

A New Caterlude.

**Nature.**  
I do confesse a wycked facte, it was this is most playne,  
Pot withstandig frō mothers bloud, thou must thy hāds restrain  
Canst thou a lacke unhappy wight, consent reuenged to be,  
On her whose pappes before this time, hath giuen foud to the  
In whom I mature for myd, tho, as best I thought, it good,  
Oh now requight her for her pain, withdraw thy hāds frō bloud  
**Hozelles.**

Who offendith y<sup>e</sup> loue of god, & eke mans loue w<sup>ill</sup> willing hart  
Must by y<sup>e</sup> loue haue punishment, as dutye due for his default  
For me therfor to punish hear, as law of gods & mā doth will  
Is not a crime though y<sup>e</sup> I do, as thou dost saie my mother kill  
**Nature.**

The cruel beasts y<sup>e</sup> raung in feldes whose cause to blod at whet  
Do not consent their mothers paunch, in cruell wise to eate  
The tyger fierse doth not deliare, the ruine of his kinde,  
And shall dame nature now in the, such tyraney once finde  
As not the cruell bestes vntilase, to do in aney case,  
Leue now I say **Hozelles** myne, & to my wordes giue place,  
Lest that of men this facte as thine, may iudged for to be:  
Be lawe in south, ne iustys eke, but cruell tyraney.

**Hozelles.**  
Pythagoras doth thinke it lo, no tyraney to be,  
When that iustys is mynestyd, as lawe and godes decre.  
If that the law doth her condemne, as woorthy death to haue,  
Oh nature woulst thou will y<sup>e</sup> I, her life should seme to saue?  
To saue her lyfe whom law doth slay, is not iustise to do,  
Therefore I saie I wyl not yeld, they bestes to com vnto,  
**Nature.**

If nature cannot byydell the, remember the decaye,  
Of those which hereto fore in south, their parēts sought to slay  
edippus fate, caull thou to minde, that slew his father so,  
And eke remember now what fame, of him a byode doth go.

**Hozelles.**  
What fame doth blowe I forle not I, ne yet what fame I haue  
For this is true y<sup>e</sup> bloud for bloud, my fathers deth doth craue  
And lawe of godes, & lawe of man, doth eke requyre y<sup>e</sup> I saie,  
Therefore oh nature sease to praye, I forle not of my name.  
**Nature.**







**Myce.**

**Nature.**

Foz to lament this heauy fate, I cannot other do.  
A lacke a lacke that once my chyld, should now consent unto: **Go out.**  
His mothers death wherfoze farewell, I can no longer stey.

**Horesses.**

Farwel dame Nature to my men. I straight will take my way. **Go out.**

**Idumeus.**

To se this mouster let vs go, foz I suppose it tyme,  
Wher is Horesses why steale he: the truth to me define: **Enter.**

**Councell.**

Oh soferayne lord me thinkes I here, him foz to be at hand **Let h dzū**  
yft please your grace, he is in sight: euen now withal his hand. **playe.**

**Idumeus.**

Com on Horesses we haue stayd, your mouster foz to se. **Let h dzū**  
**Horesses.** **play & en-**

And now at hand my men and I, all redy armed be. **ter Hoze-**  
No mighty king this champions here, agre with me to wende **his w his**  
Oh gracious king that they shall so, wylt please you cōdissend **band mar**  
the a bout

**Idumeus.**

**the stage,**

I do agre and now awhyle, giue eare your king vnto,  
It doth behoufe corragious knightes, on this wyse foz to do.  
That is to stryue foz to obtayne, the victorey and prayse,  
That lasts foz aye, when death shal end, h find of these our dals  
Wherfoze be bold, & feare no fate, the gods foz you shall fight  
Foz they be iust and will not se, that you in case of right.  
Shall be distresst wherfoze attend, and do your basely payne,  
The crabbyd rage of enmyse, by force foz to restrayne:  
And as to me your trustynes, hath here to foz be knowne,  
So now to this Horesses here, let eke the same be showane.  
Be to his beastes obaydient, be stoute to take in hand,  
Such enterpryse which he shal thinke, most foz his state to stand  
Which if you do the same is pourses, the glorey and renowne,  
That shal arise of this your facts, throughout h world shal sound  
The which you may I pray the godes, your gydes here in to be  
And now farewell but not that well, that I haue sayde to ye.

**Sodayeates.**

The godes preserve your grace foz aye, & you defende from woe  
That we haue don as you cōmaund, sal wel your grace shall know

**C. j.**

**Idumeus**

A New Enterlud.

Iduncus.

Now hearken Hozettes sith thou must, of men the gyder be,  
And that the wyll of godes it is, thou must now part from me,  
Take yet my last commaundement, & beare it in thy minde,  
Let now they men courragiousnes, in the their captayne finde  
And as thou art courragious, so lyke wyse let theire be,  
For safegard of thy men a bzayne, well fraught with pollicye.  
For ouer rashe, in doinge ought, doth often damage brynge,  
Wherefore take counsell first befoze, thou dost anye thinge.  
For counsell as Plato doth tell, is sure a heauenly thinge.  
And Socrates a certaynte doth say, counsell doth brynge.

Whinges in dout for Lynx sayes, no man shall him repent,  
What hath befoze he woꝝked ought, his tyme in counsell spent  
And be thou lybzauill to thy men, and gentell be also,  
For þ way at thy wil thou mayst, haue them thꝝough fire to go  
And he that shall at any tyme, deserue ought well of the,  
Soffer him not for to depart, tyll well reward he be.

Thus haue you hard hozettes mine, remembar well the same  
In doing thus you shall pourchas, to the immoztaill fame.  
The which I hope you wyll assaye, for to archise in dede,  
The gods the blis when in þ war, thou forwarð shalt procede.

Hozettes.

I thanke your grace and now of you, my leaue I here do take

Iduncus.

Farwell my sonne Hozettes I, thy partinge yll shall take,  
Yet eare thou go let me imbrace, the once I the do praye,  
A lacke alacke that now from me, thou must nedes part away  
Yet wherell thou art in present place, receaue of me this kys,  
Farwell good knight for now I shal, thy sweete imbracings mys

Hozettes.

The sacred godes preserue and saue, thy state oh king I pray,  
And send the helth and ascer death, to rayne with him for aye.  
Come on my men, let vs depart,

Sodgers

As please your grace with all our hart.

Iduncus.

Ah, ah, howe greuous is his parting vpon my counsell vnto me  
The gods him bless & send him helth, I pray them hartely.

Iduncus

Ido

Imbrace  
him

Says him.

March a-  
bout and  
go out.







Of Myce.

Who worth the time the day and our, now may Hozesses wayle  
And Clytemnestra may lament, that so she dyd assaile.  
His father deare for now on bloud, Hozesses mind is set,  
And to reuenge his fathers death, sure nought their is can let.  
In bopding of a mischefe smal, they haue wrought their de cay  
For now nought elles in Hozesses, but soze reueng bears sway  
Councell.

For to causes my soferayne lord, reuengment ought to be,  
The on least others be in fecte, with that, that they shall se.  
Their princes do, the other is, that those that now be yll,  
May be reuoked and may be taught, for to subde to their wyll,  
Plato a wyse phylosopher, dyd thinke it for to be,  
A Pynceley fecte when as a king, shall punnishe seriously,  
Such persons as dyd trayne their lyfe, to follow y was nauight  
y which their price at any time, shal by mischaunce haue wrought  
Protegens an euell kinge, a carryne lykones to,  
Which all the place about the same, to winke causeth to do.  
Therefore a king if that her faute, should vntreugnd be,  
A thousand euylles would insu, their of your grace should se.  
Her faute is great and punnyment, it is worthy for to hane,  
For by that meane the good in south, frd duingers may be saule  
For to the vnyuersaull scoll, of all the world we knowe,  
Is once the pallace of a kinge, where byces chese do flow.  
And as to waters from on head, and fountayne oft do spring,  
So byce and vertue oft do fla, from pallace of a kinge.  
Wherby the people seing that, the kinge adpte to be,  
To prosecute the lyke, they all do laboz as we se.  
Therefore the gods haue wyllled thus, Hozesses for to take,  
His iozney and a recompence, for fatheres death to make.

Idumens.

Sith gods haue willed the same to be, god lucke y gods him send,  
Com on my counsell now from hence, we purpose for to wend  
Egissus.



As was it not a worthy sight,  
Of Venus childe kinge Priamos sonne:  
To steale from Crece a Lady bright,  
For whom the wares of Troie began.  
Naught fearinge dainger that might saul.

C. H.

Go out.

Enter E  
gissus &  
Clytene  
Ira, sing  
Lady inge this

songe, to  
y tune of  
king Sa-  
lomon,

A pewe Enterlud.

Lady ladie.

From Grece to Troye, he went with all,  
O my deare Lady.

Clytemnestra.

When Paris firste arriued there,  
Where as dame Venus woozthyp is:  
And bloustringe fame abroade dyd beare,  
His lymley fame she dyd not mys.  
To Helena for to repayre,

Her for to tell:

Of prayse and shap so trym and sayre,  
That dyd excell.

Cgillus.

Her beaultie caused Paris payne,  
And bare chiefe sweye with in his mynde;  
No thinge was abell to restraine,  
His wyl some waye fourth for to finde.  
Where by he might haue his despyre,

Lady ladye:

So great in him was Cupids fyre,  
O my deare ladye.

Clytemnestra.

And eke as Paris dyd despyre,  
Sayre Helena for to possesse:  
Her harte inflamid with lyke fyre,  
Of Paris loue despiard no lesse,  
And found occasion him to mete,

In Cytheron.

Where each of them the other dyd grette,  
The feast vppon.

Cgillus.

Of that in Paris Cupides hatte,

O Clytemnestra toke such place:

That tyme ne waye he neuer left,

Till he had gotte her comley grace,

I thinke my chaunce not ill to be

Lady ladye.

That bent dyd lyfe to purchase pe,







Of Wyce,

My dere ladye.

Clytemnestra.

Myng Prianes, sonne loued not so fore,  
The grettan dame they bꝛothers wyfe.  
But she his person esteemed moze,  
Not for his sake sauinge her lyfe.  
Which caused her people to be slayne,  
With him to flye,  
And he requight her loue a gayne,  
Most faythfull ye.

Egeus.

And as he recompence agayne,  
The fayre quene Hellen for the same;  
So whyle I lyue I wyll take payne,  
My wyll alwayes to yours to frame,  
Syth that you haue voutsafe to be,  
Ladye ladye.

A Queene and ladye vnto me,  
My deare ladye.

Clytemnestra.

And as she louyd him best whyle lyfe,  
Myd last so tend I you to do:  
If that deuoyd of warr and stryfe,  
The Godes shall please to graunt vs to,  
Syth you voutsafast me for to take,

O my good knyght:

And me thy ladye for to make,

My hartes delyghte.

Egeus.

As loyfull as the warlyke god is Venus to behoulde,  
So is my hart repleate with loye, much moze a thousand sould  
Oh Lady deare in that I do, posses my hartes delyghte,  
What menes this sounde for very much, it doth my hart aflight

Let þe true  
pet blowe  
with in.

Clytemnestra.

Feare nought at all Egeus myne, no hount it doth pretend,  
But lo me thinkes a messenger, to vs heather doth wend.

enter,

Messenger.

The Godes pꝛesarus your equall state & send you of their blys

Cly.

Clytemnestra.

A Pesti Enterlude.

Clytemnestra.

Welcom good messenger what newes, I pray the with the is  
Messenger.

It please your grace euen now ther is, argued in this land  
The mightey knight Hozeffes with, a mightey pelusait band  
Who purposith for to inuade, this Mycene Citie stronge,  
And as he goese he leyse both towre, and castell all alonge.  
It boutes no man defence to make, for yf he wyll not yeld,  
By sodperes rage he straight is slayne, in mydest of the felde.

Go out.

Clytemnestra.

Ah for is he come in dede, he is welcom by this daye,  
Egistus now in south w<sup>th</sup> spede, from hence take you your way.  
In to our realme and take by men, our tyghull to defend,  
Tyll your retourne this Citie I, to kepe do sure intend.  
For all his strength he shall not get, do entter ouce hear in,  
The walles be strong and for his foyle, I sure set not a pyll.

Enter a

woman,

lyke a be-

ger roun-

ning be-

foze they

sodier but

let the so-

dier speke

first, but

let y wo-

man crye

first piti-

fulley.

Egistus.

Syth you be abell to defend, this Citie as you saye,  
Farwell in south to get me men, I now wyll take my waye.  
And sone againe I wyll returne, his pamprio pyrd to tame,

Clytemnestra.

Farwell Egistus and in south, I prayght wyll do the same.

Sodper.

Yeld the I saye and that by and by,  
Oz with this sword, in sayth thou shalt dye.

Woman.

Oh with a good wyll, I yeld me to the,  
Good master sodier, haue mercey on me.  
My husband thou hast slayne, in most cruell wyse,  
Yet this my prayer, do now not dyspse.

Sodier.

Come on then in hest, my prysoner thou art,  
Come folowe me I saye, we must nedes depart.

Woman.

A boyson slaye I wyll teach the in saye.  
To handle a woman on, an other waye.  
To put me in feare, with out my departe.  
I wyll teache the in saye to playe such a parte.

Sodper







**I Wyce.**

**Sodper:** Be contentyd good woman, and thou shalt be,  
Heauer heare after moystned for me.

**Woman:**

Paye byllyn slane, a meydeshou shalt make,  
In that thou be soze me as prysinoz dydest take.  
Howe I haue cought the, and my prysoner thou art,  
By his oundes hozson slane, this gose to they harte.

**Sodper:**

Save saue my lyfe, soz I wyll be,  
Thy prysoner and lo I yelde me to the.

**Woman:**

Come wend thou with me, and they wepon thou shalt haue,  
Syth that thou boutsafyste, my lyfe soz to saue.

**Wyce.**



Land backeye slepyng sakes at home,  
And let me go.

How lye syz knaue am I a monie,

Why saye you so.

Out toun, you dare not come in seide,  
For feare you shoulde the gosse by yelde.

With blofe, he gose, the gunne shot flye,  
It seares, it seares, and their doth lye.

A boundzeth in a moment be,

Distroyed quight:

Syz saule in fapth pf you shoulde so,

The goune shot lyght.

To quake soz feare you woulde not stynt,

When as by force of gounshots dynt.

The rankes in rape, are tooke awaye,

As pleaseth fortune oft to playe.

But in this flower who beares the same,

But onley I:

Reuenge, Reuenge, wyll haue the name,

Or he wyll dye.

I spare no wyght, I spare none yll,

But with this blade I wyll them kyll.

For when myne saye, is set on spere,

I rap them, I rap them, that is my despayre.

take his  
weapons  
& let him  
ryse by &  
then go  
out both.  
Enter.  
the Wyce  
synginge  
this song  
to y tune  
of the Pa  
ynter.

Farwell

A New Enterlud.

Farwell a delo to wares I muste

In all the hast.

My cosen cutpurse wyll I truste,

Your purse well fast,

But to st man, and feare for nought,

We saye to the it is well fraught.

With ruddockes red be at a becke,

Go out. Beware the arse, breake not thy necke,

Horesses.

Horesses. Come on my sodgers for at home, argued thei we be,  
entrit with us here as we must haue our despayre, or els dye manfully.  
his bande The walles be hye yet I intend, vpon them first to go,  
& marche. And as I hope you soldiers will, your captayne eke follow  
th about If I for sake to go before then slep you eke be hynde,  
the stage. And as I am so eke I trust, my sodgers for to finde.

Com hether harauld go proclame this mine intent straightway

To ponder citie say that I, am come to thei decaye.

Unlesse they yeld I wil destroye, boch man woman & childe,

And eke thei towers that for the war, so strongly they do hyde

Byd them in hast to yeld to me, for nough I do a hyde.

But for thei aunswear or elles fourthly for the & theres proude

Let y tru

pet go to

warde the

Citie and

blowe.

Harraulde.

Your gracious minde straight shal be don, cum tropet let vs go

That I haue don your message wel, your grace ful wel shal know

Horesses.

Hye the apase and let me haue, agayne an aunswear sone.

And then anon thou shalt well se, what quickly shal be done.

Harrauld.

Let y tru

pet leaue

soundyng

& let Har

rauld spe

ake & Cly

temnestra

speake o

mer y wal.

How whow is thei y kepes the gate giue eare my words vnto

Clytemnestra,

what wouldst thou haue harald declare, what hast thou her to do

Harauld.

My master bydes the yeld to him, this citie out of hande,

Or elles he will not leaue an stone, on other for to stand.

And all things elles within this towne, he wil haue at his wil

As pleaseth him by any meanes, to saue or elles to spyll,

What you will now, therefore declare, & aunswere to him send

Clytemnestra.

This







Of Ulyce

This Citie here against him, and his I wyll defende,

Harrauld.

Then in his name I do desye, both the and all with in,

Clytemnestra.

By him and his tell him in south, we do not set a pen.

Harrauld.

If it please your grace this word he sends, he will not yeld to ye  
But yf you com but to your harme, he sayes that it shalbe.

Hozelles.

Let y ha  
raulde go  
out here.

Sith that my grace and eke good wil, they on such fozt dispise,  
Foz to destrope both man and chyld, I surely do deuysse.  
Com on my men, bend now your fozte, this Citie foz to wynn,  
Saue no mans lyfe, y once shoulde make, rystaunce there wynn,  
And when you shall posses the towne, & haue all things at wil,  
Loke out my mother but to her, do ye no kynde of yll.  
Let her not die, though that she would, desiar the death to haue  
Foz other wyse my fathers death, reuengment doth craue.

Sodper.

We shall your helles obaye with speede, oh captayne we desiar,  
That we were there foz to reuenge, our hartes are set on fyar.

Ulyce.

Lyke men by God, I sweare well sayd, Hozelles let vs go,  
Powe to thy men lyke manley hart, I praye the foz to shoue.  
And as thou seiste be firste the man, that shall the Citie wynn,  
How, how, now foz to flye, all ready they begynne.

Hozelles.

Go & ma  
ke your li  
uely bat  
tel & let it  
be longe  
eare you  
can win y  
Citie and  
when you

With lyuely hartes my troumpeters, craunt your tubal sound.  
And now my sodpers in your harts, let courage eke be found.  
Com let vs go the gedes foz vs, shall make an easey waye,  
Spare none a lyue foz I am bent, to seke their great decaye.

Clytemnestra.

A lack what heaps of myschefes great, me selly wight tozment.  
Now is the tyme salune me vpon, which I thought to pzeuent  
Yet best I seke my lyfe to saue, perchappes he will me here,  
A lacke reuengment he dothe craue, foz slaying his father dere.  
If ancy sparke of mothers bloud, remaynd within thy bzeste,  
Thy gracious childe let now thine eares, vnto my wordes be prest  
Pardon I craue Hozelles myne, saue now my coppes fro death  
D.I.

Let y dzoum

cease play  
ing & the  
trumpet,  
also when  
she is ta-  
ke let her  
knele do-  
we and  
speake.

Of Wyce.

Let no man saye that thou wast cause, I yeldyd by my breath,  
I haue offendyd I do confesse, yet saue my lyfe I praye,  
And to they mother this request, o-knight do not denage.  
Hozelles.

For to repent this facte of thyne, now that it is to late,  
Can not be thought a recompence, for kyllyng of thy mate.  
So haue her hence therfore with spede, & se her suretey kepte,  
And for y fact a fozz thou dydest, thou surley shouldst haue wep:  
Wyce.

go out w  
on of the  
sodaiars.

Nay, far you wel, in sayth you haue an answer, get you hence,  
Dundes of me I wuld not be, in her cote for fozty pence.  
Nay nay, a way far well a dew, now now, it is to late.

Let Hoz-  
elles syth  
hard.

When stede is stollen for you in south, to shut the stable gate.  
She should haue wept whē first she went, y king about to slay,  
It makes no matter she foull well, dyd byde her owne decaye  
Dunds of me what meane you man, begyn you now to saynt  
Jesu god how styll he syttes, I thinke he be a saynt.  
O w, you care not for me, nay sone I haue don I warrant ye  
Hozelles.

w:pe but  
let Hoz-  
elles ryle  
& bid him  
peafe.

By all the godes my hart dyd sayle, my mother for to se,  
From hye estate for to be brought, to so great mysferey.  
That all most I had graunted lyfe, to her had not this be,  
My fathers death whose death in south, the cause of was she.  
Wyce.

Let Eg-  
gus enter  
& let hys  
men in a  
raye & let  
the drom  
playe tyll  
Hozelles  
speakeh.

Even as you saye but harke at hand, Egillus draweth nge,  
Who purposeth the chaunce of war, Hozelles for to crye.  
Hozelles.

And by the godes I purpose eke, my honour to defend,  
Com on my men kepe your araye, for now we do pretend.  
Gather to be the conqerer, or elles to dye in felds,  
Lyst by your hartes and let vs se, how ye your blofe can yeld.  
Egillus.

Lyke manley men adresse your selues, to get immortall fame,  
If ye do slye lo what doth rest, behynde but foull defame.  
Strike by your dñs let trumpets sound, your baners eke display,  
And I my selfe as captayne, to you wll lead the waye.  
Hozelles.

Thou traytoz to my father dere, what makest the here in feld.  
Repent







Of Uyce.

Repent the of thy wyckednes, and to me strayght do yeld.

Egilus.

Thou pryncoks boy & bastard slaue, thou takest thou me to subdew:  
It lyeth not with in thy powre, thou hope I tell the trew.  
But yf I take thy corpes, it shalbe a fode: he byrdes to fede.  
Strike by your dounis & sozward now, to wars let vs pced.

Horesses.

Oh byllayne traygh toz now y gods, ne noztall man shall saue  
Thy corpes frō death for blud for blud my fathers deyth doth craue  
Oh tyaunt fyse couldest thou boutsafe, my father so to slaye:  
But now no foyse for thou hast wzought, at last thine one decay

Egilus.

A lacke a lacke yet spare my lyfe, Horesses I the praye.

Horesses.

Thy lyfe: naye traygh toz byle, that chese I do denaye.  
For as thou hast deseruyd, so I shall thy face requit.  
That once couldest seme to me & mine, for to wzok such dyspyght  
Therfore com forth and for thy face, receaue dew punnyshment  
Repent I say this former lyfe, for this is my iudgment.  
That for my fathers death, the which we finde the chese to be,  
The causer of thou shalt be hanged, where we thy death may se  
And as thou for my fathers death, dew punnyshment receiue,  
So shall my mother in lykewise, for that she gaue the leaue.  
Him for to slaye, and eke to it, with good will condysende,  
Therfore com of and sone dyspatch, that we had made an end.

Egilus.

Ah heauy fate & chaunce most yll, wo wozyth this hap of mine,  
For giue my faute you sacryd godes, and to my wozydes incline  
Your gracious eare for causer furst, I was this is most plaine,  
Of Agameynnons death, wherfore I must receaue this paine.  
Pardon I craue, boutsafe ye godes, the same to graunt it me,  
Now soder wozyke thy wyll in hast, & praye the harteleg.

Clytemnestra.

Ah heauy fate would god I had in to moyle great byn slayne  
Synth nothing can Horesses hands, frō sheding bloud restraine

Uyce.

How chaunce you dyd not the lament his father whē you slew: loke wher  
But now when death doth you pzeuent, to late ites for to rew.

D.ii.

Clytemnestra. hangeth.

Strike by  
your drū,  
& syght a  
god whil  
& then let  
sum of E  
gilus me  
slye & the  
take hym  
& let Ho-  
resses dzu  
him byo-  
lentlye &  
let y zpus  
seale.

sling him  
of y laer  
& then let  
en bynge  
in his mo  
ther Cly-  
temnestra  
but let her

A New Enterlude.

Clytemnestra.

Yet hope I that he will me graunt, my lyfe that I should haue.

Oyce.

Euen as much as thou boutsafest, his fathers lyfe to saue,  
Therefore com of we must not fley, all daye to wayght on the.  
Lo myghtye pynce for whom ye sent, lo pzealant here is the.

Clytemnestra.

Haue mercy sonne & quight remitte, this faute of mine I pray.  
Be mercyfull Hozestes myne, and do not me denaye.  
Consider that in me thou hadest, they be wmayne shapē cōposid  
That thou shouldst slay thy mother son, let it not be disclosyd,  
Spare to perse her harte with sword, call eke vnto thy mynd,  
Edyppus fate and as Nero, howe not thy selfe unkynde.

Hozestes.

Take do  
wne Cg  
fus and  
bear him  
out.

Lyke as a bzaunche once set a fyre, doth cause y tree to bourne  
As Socrates supposeth so, a wicked wight doth tourne.

Those that be good and cause them eke, his euell to sequest,  
Wherefore the poete Iuuenal, doth thinke it for the beste:

That those that lyue ycentiousley, should bydyd be to payne  
And so others that elles would syn, therby they might restrain  
For thus he sayeth that Cilles are, well gouerned in dede,

Where punnishment for wycked ones, by lawe is so decrede.  
And not decrede but exersyde, in punnyshinge of those,

Which lawe ne pain fro waloing still, in vice their mind dispose,  
And as thou hast byn chiefes cause, of yelding by thy breath,

So call to minde thou wast the cause, of Agamemnons death.

For which as death is recompence, of death so eke with the,

For kyllyng of my father thou, now kylled eke shalt be.

This thynge to se accomplisshyd, reuenge with the shall go,

Now haue her hence sieth y you all, my iudgment here do know

Clytemnestra.

A lacke a lack to dawe thy hand, my son from shedding bloud,

Oyce.

Thou art a foule thus for to prate, this doth Hozestes good,

Com on a way thou doubt no more, but him with words molest

A foulyshe foull that thou wast ded, he takes it for the best?

Clytemnestra.

Knele do  
wne.

If euer aney pytie was, of mother plants in the,

Let







Of Wyce.

Let it appeare Horesses myne, and showe it unto me.

Horesses.

What pyttie thou on father myne, dydest cursedly bestowe,  
The same to the at this present, I purpose soz to showe.  
Herfoze Reuenge haue her a way, and as I iudgment gaue:  
So se that she in order lyke, her punishment betw haue.

Wyce.

Let me alone, com on a way, that thou weart out of sight,  
A pestelaunce on the crabpyd queane, I thinke thou do delyght,  
Him to molest, com of in hast, and troubell me no moze,  
Come on com on, ites all in vaine, and get you on a foze,

Horesses.

How syeth we haue the conquest got, of all our moztall foie,  
Let vs prouide that occasion, we do not chaunce to lose.  
Stryke by your dzoumes soz enter now, we wyll the citte gate  
Foz nowe resstaunce none there is, to let vs in there at.

Fame.

As eache man bendes him selfe, so I repozt his fame in dede,  
Of yll, the yll, thzough farne trūp, his fame doth straigh pzofoede:  
Of god, then god, thzough golden trūp, I blo his lyuely fame:  
Ihzough heauens, thzough earth, & surgig sease I bere abzod h same  
Perhaps what wind me heather dzies, win your mids you muse  
From Crete I com to you my frends, I bzing this kind of newse  
That Agamemnon's bzother is arlyd in this land,  
And eke with him his ladey sayze, Quene Helen vnderstand.  
Whom soz to se a great frequent, of people theire arpyue,  
This newse to shew at this present, me heather now byd dzue.

Wyce.



Peue master, a newe,  
No lenger I maye:  
A byde by this daye  
Horesses now doth reu.  
A new master a new,  
And was it not yll:  
His mother to kyll:

I pray you how saye you:  
A new master a new,

Let Cly:  
tempestra  
wepe and  
go out re-  
ueng also

Enter in  
fame & let  
all h sody  
ers folow  
him in a  
raye.

enter the  
Wyce sin-  
ging this  
songe.

D.iii.

How

## A Peto Enterlude.

Potwe ltes to late:  
To shut the gate:  
Dore ltes gines to rewe.

Fame.

*Denique non paruas animo dati gloria vires:*

*Essecunda facit pectora laudis amor.*

As Ouid sayeth I am in dede, the spure to each estate,  
For by my troumpe I often cause the wicked man to hate,  
As sply they lyfe, and eke I floure, the good more good to be:  
So much the hart and will of man, is lynked unto me.

Olyce.

A new master a new, naye I wpll go,  
Wout, tout, Dore ltes is be com a newe man:  
Pou he soroweth to bad that it is so,  
Met I wpll oresser him, by his oundes and I can.  
Who *Sainte amen*. God morrowe my ltes span,  
By his oundes I am glad to se the so trycke,  
Pou may I be so bould, at your lypes to haue a lycke.  
Jesul how cope, do you make the same,  
Pou neuer knew me afoze I dare sage:  
In sayth, in sayth, I was to blame,  
That I made no courchey to you by the waye.  
Who berladye span, thou art trym and gaye,  
Woundes of me, she hath winges also,  
Who whether with a myschefe, doubt thou thinke for to go?  
To heauen: or to hell: to pourgatoze: or spayne?  
To Wens: to pourtugaull: or to the eylls *Canarey*?  
Pou stay a whyle for a myle or twayne.  
I wpll go with the, I sweare by saynt marie,  
Wyllt thou haue a bote span, ouer seay the to carey.  
For yf it chaunce for to rayne, as the weathers not harde,  
It may chaunce this trym geare of thine, to be marde,

Fame.

*Omnia si perdis, famam seruare memento,*

*Qua semel amissa, postea nullus eris.*

A boue eache thinge kepe well thy fame, what euer y thou lose  
For fame once gone they memory, with fame a way it gose,  
And it once lost thou shalt in south, accomptyd lke to be,

A







At Wyce.

A Drope of rayne that faulth in, the bosom of the sea,  
 The same therfore as *Ouid* thinkes, no man hath powre to hold,  
 No those with whom I please to dwell, I am moze rich the gold  
 What causid som for countris soyle, them selues to perrell cast  
 But that the knew that after death, yf same of thers shall last.  
 Not on, but all, do me desiare, both good and bad lykwysse,  
 As maye appeare yf we perpend, of *Nero*s enterpryse.

Which first did cause his matters death, & eke wheras he laye  
 In mothers wound to se in south, his mother dyd straight day.  
 With this Hoestes eke takes place, whose father being slayn,  
 thzogh mothers gile frō mothers blod, his hāds could not refraine  
 But lyke as he reuengyd the death, of father in his eyare,  
 So fathers brother in lyke soyt, Reuenge hath set on spare.  
 For he is gon for to request, the ayde of pynces great,  
 So soze his hart is set on spare, thzought raging rigozus heat.  
 What to detarmayne all the kynges, of Grece argued be,  
 At Nestores towne that *Athens* highte, their iudgment to decre

Wyce.

Cundes harte and naples, naye now I am dyest,

Is the kinge *Minalaus* at *Athenes* arguede

And I am be hind? to be packinges the best,

Least the matter in south, to sone be contrpyued:

*Auxilla humilia firma, consensus facit,* this allwayes prouided:

What consent maketh suckers most sure for to be,

Well I wyll be their straght, wayse you shall se,

Fame.

As *Publius* doth well declare, we ought chesell to se,  
 Unto our selues that nought be don, after extreme.

*Ab alio expectes, alteri quod feceris.*

Go out.

For loke what mesure thou dost mente, yf same agayne shalbe,  
 At other tyme at others hand, repayde agayne to the.

Wherefore I wythe eache wight to do, to others as he would,  
 What they in lyke occasion, into him offer would.

Well forth I must som newe: to here, for same no where ca stay  
 But what she heare thzoughtent yf would abhor she doth display

Go out.

Proucion.

Make roume and gyue place, stand backe there a soze,  
 For all my speakinge, you presse still the moze.

D.iii.

Eue

A New Enterlud.

Give Rome I save quickley, and make no delayance,  
It is not now tyme, to make any taryance:  
The kinges here do com, therefore giue way,  
Or elles by the godes, I wyll make you I save.  
No where my Lord kynge Nestor doth com,  
And Horestes with him Agamemnon's sonne:  
Menelaus a kyng lyke wyse, of great fame,  
Make Rome I save, before their with shame.

Nestor.

Howe syeth we be here kynge Menelaus  
Unto vs we praye you, your matter to save.  
For these prynces here, after they haue perpendyd,  
If ought be amys, it shall be amendyd,  
But serra prouision, go in haste and set,  
Good kynge Idumeus, tell him we are set.

Prouision.

Go out.

As your graces haue wylled, so tend I to do,  
I wyll seiche him straght, and bringe him you to.

Horestes.

Pause a  
while till  
he be gon  
out & the  
speak tre-  
tably.

If ought be amys, the same sone shall be,  
If I haue comytted amendyd of me:  
But lo Idumeus the good kyng of Crete,  
Is come to this place, vs for to mete.

Idumeus.

Enter I. The Gods preserve your graces all, & send you health for aye.

Nestor.

dumius & prouision Well com ster kinge the same to ye, contynelwalley we pray.

Menelaus.

comning Two thigs ther is o kings, y moues me thus your ayds to pray:  
Whis cap And these be it the which to you, I purpose for to save.  
In his had The one is this where with I fynde, my selfe agreuid to be,  
a fore him That on such sort my sisters dayne, as all your graces se.  
& making What other is that so her sonne, without all kind of right,  
waye. Should to his mother in such case, (I say) worke such dyspight.

These two bethen, wherfoze I craue, your ayds to toyn w me:  
To the intent of such great ylls, reuengyd I may be.  
That thus he dyd be hould the state, of all my brothers land,  
And se I pray you in what place, the same doth present stand.

His







Of Wyce.

His crueltie is such in south, as nether to wet ne to wone,  
 That letteth once his passage, but is brought vnto the ground.  
 The fatherles he pyttied not, where as he euer went,  
 y agyd wight whose yeres befoze, their youthly poure had spent  
 The mayd whose parentes at the sege, defending of their right  
 Was slaine, y same this tyrant hath opprestyd thzouh his might  
 The wido y thzough forrayne wars, was left now comfortles.  
 He spared not, but them & theres, he cruelly dyd tyffres.  
 Wherfoze sith that he thus hath wzought, as far as I can see,  
 From Mycene land we should prouid, him cryld to be.

Horistes.

Syth that you haue accusyd me, I must my aunswere make,  
 And here befoze these kings of Grece, this for my aunswer take  
 Ouncel that I neuer went, reuengment for to do,  
 On fathers soles tyll by the godes, I was commaund there to.  
 Whose heastes no man dare once refuse, but willingly obaye  
 That I haue slayne her wylfully, vntruely you do saye.  
 I dyd but that I could not chuse, ites hard for me to kepe,  
 Syth gods commaund as on would say, in fayth against y pyck  
 In that you say, I sparyd none, your grace full well may se,  
 That lyttell mercy they supposyd, in south to shew to me.  
 When as they bad me do my worst, requesting them to yeld,  
 It is no lest when sodayres toyne, to fight with in a felde.  
 Thus I suppose sufficiently, I aunswerd haue to end,  
 Your great complaynt, the which you so, mightely did defend.

Idumeus.

In dede as *Hermes* doth declare, no man can once este w,  
 The iudgment of god most iust, that for his fautes is dew.  
 And as god is most mercyfull, so is he iust lyke wyse,  
 And wyl create most suerley those, that his heastes dyspytel

Pelloz.

As you good kynge *Idumeus*, haue sayd so lykelwise I,  
 Do thinke it trew therfoze as now, I do him here despye.  
 That one dare say y he hath wzought, y thing y is not righte  
 No here my gloue to him I glue, in pledge with him to fyght.  
 I promys here to proue there by, *Horistes* nought dyd do,  
 But that was iust & that the gods, commaundyd him there to.  
 That he is kinge of Mycene land, who euer do deney,

C.f.

**A Pels Enterlude.**

I offer here my gloue with him, therfore to lyue and dye.  
 If none there be wyll vnder take, his tyghtull to with saye.  
 Let vs be frendes vnto him now, my Lordes I do ye praye.  
 It was the parte of such a knyght, reuengyd for to be,  
 Should Hozelles content him selfe, his father slayne to se.  
 Po, no, a ryghtuous facte I thinke, the same to be in dede,  
 Syeth that it was accomplisht so, as godes befoze decrede,

**Penelaus.**

In dede I must confesse that I, reuengyd should haue be,  
 If that my father had byn slayne, with such great cruelte.  
 But yet I would for natures sake, haue spard my mothers lyfe  
 O wretched man, o cruell beast, o mortall blade and knyfe.

**Idumeus.**

Seale of syz kyng leaue moouing lo, nought can it you auayle  
 Not with standing he rulyd now, we pray by our counsaile.  
 Consider first your one estate, consider what maye be,  
 A sopefull mene to end at length, this your calamitie.  
 Hozelles he is younge of yeares, and you are somewhat olde,  
 And sorowe may your grace to sone, within her net in folde.  
 Therefore ites best you do forget, so shall you be at ease,  
 And I am sure Hozelles wyll, indenuo you to please.  
 So far as it for him may be, with honoꝛ lese to do,  
 He wyll not shynke but wyll consent, your gracy bydding to  
 For assuraunce of your good wyll, Hozelles here doth craue,  
 your daughter saye *Hermione*, in maryage for to haue.  
 Whereby for to contyue wyll, true loue and amytie,  
 That ought in sought betwixte to such, indifferet for to be,

**Penelaus.**

As for my frendshyp he shall haue, the godes his helper be  
 But for my daughters maryage, I can not graunt to be.  
 She is but yong and much vnsfet, such holy ryghtes to take,  
 Therefore syz kyngs at this pꝛesent, no aunswere I can make.

**Pellor.**

She is a dame of samley grace, therefore kyng *Menalaus*,  
 Graunt this to vs this styfe to end, o kyng we do the praye.  
 For eache of them a grade be, the other for to haue,  
 Good. syz graunt this that at thy handes, so inllye we do craue

**Penelaus.**







Of Tyce.

O Nobell king what that it were, I could not you denaye,  
I must nedes graunt whē nought I haue, against you to repley.  
Hozettes here befoze these kinges, my sonne I the do make,

Hozettes.

And the o kyng whyle lyfe doth last, fo: father I do take.

Pettoz.

Kyghe soylfull is this thinge to vs, and happy fo: your state,  
Therfoze with spede let vs go hence, the maryage to selephate.  
And all the godes I praye plesure, & kepe you both from wo,  
Com on sy: king, shall we from hence, vnto our pallace go.

Penalaus.

As it shall please your grace in dede, so we consent to do,

Admeus.

And we lyke wyse oh gracious Prynce, do condiscend there to. go out all

Reuenge.

I woulde I were ded, and layde in my graue.

Mundes of me, I am trymley promouted:

Ah, ah, oh, well now fo: my laboz, these trynketes I haue:

Why se you not I praye you, how I am flouted.

A bagge and a bottell, thus am I louted:

Eache knaue now a dayes, woulde make me his man,

But chyll master them, I be his oundes and I can.

A begginge, a begginge, nay now I must go,

Hozettes is mapped, god send him much care:

And I Reuenge, am dyuyn him fro.

And then lres no maruayll, though I be thus bare.

But peace, who better then beggars doth fare.

Fo: all they be beggars, and haue no great port,

Who is merper, then the pooyste sozt.

What shall I begge: nay thates to bad,

Is thesr neare a man, that a seruauunt doth lacke:

Of myne honestye gentle woman, I woulde be glad:

You to saruz but fo: clothes, to put on my backe.

A waye with these ragcs, from me the shall packe.

What thinke you scozne, me your seruauunt to make,

A nother wyll haue me, yf you me fo: sake.

Whathappes you all meruayll, of this sodayne mutation,

How sene I was downe, from so hye a degre:

C. li.

Tyce en,  
trith to a  
stasse & a  
bottell o:  
dyshe and  
waller.

Put of  
beggares  
rote & all  
thy thyn-  
ges.

To

A New Enterlude.

To satisfie your myndes, I wyl vse a perswasion.  
 This one thinge you knowe, that on causyd ampte,  
 Is vnto me reuenge most contrarey.  
 And we twayne to geather, could not abyde,  
 Whych causyd me so sone, from hys state to syde.  
 Horesses and his ouchell, kynge *Menalaus*,  
 Is made such sure frendes, without paradunture,  
 Through the pollyce, of olde *Idumens*.  
 That as, far as I can se, it is to hard to enter,  
 We and thates woꝛse, when I sought to venture.  
 I was dyuē with out comfozt, awaye from their gate,  
 I was glad to be packinge, for feare of my pate.  
 Yet befoꝛ I went, my fancey to please,  
 The maryage selebꝛatyd, at the church I dyd se,  
 Wyllynge I was, them all to dysseale:  
 But I durst not be so bold, for master Ampte.  
 Not by *Menalaus*, and boze him companye,  
 On the other syde Dewtey with Horesses boure swaye,  
 So that I could not enter, by no kynde of waye:  
 Well seeth from them both, I am bannysht so,  
 I wyl seke a new master, yf I can him finde:  
 Yet I am in good comfozt, for this well I knowe,  
 That the most parte of wemen, to me be full kynde,  
 Yf they sage near a woꝛde, yet I knowe their mynde.  
 Yf they haue not all thinges, when they do desiare,  
 They wyl be reuengyd, oꝛ elles lye in the myare.  
 Nay I knowe their qualltyes, the lesse is my care,  
 As well as they do knowe, Reuengys operation,  
 For faull to it good wyues, and do them not spare.  
 Nay alle helpe you forwarde, yf you lacke but perswasion.  
 What man a mosse is free, from inuasion.  
 For as playnely *Sorrates* declareth vnto vs,  
 Wemen for the most part, are bozne malicious.  
 Perhappes you wyl saye, maney on that I lye,  
 And other tyme I am sure, also wyl take my parte:  
 Not withstandinge what I haue sayde, they wyl berespe,  
 Ye and do it I wys, in spyght of thy hart.  
 Yf therfore thou wylt lye quetlye, after their desart:

Reuarde







Of Myce.

Reeward then so shault, thou byddell their affection,  
And vnto they wyll, shall haue them in subiection.

In *Athenes* dwellyd *Socrates*, the phyllosopher deuyne,

Who had a wyfe namyd *Exantyp*, both deuelyshe and yll.

Which twayne beenge faulne out, bypon a tyme,

Perhappe cause *Exantyp*, could not haue her wyll.

He went out of doores, syttinge there still.

She cround him with a pypspot, and there be

Was wet to the skynne, mosse pytfull to se.

I praye god that such dames, be not in this place,

Foz then I might chaunce neare a mistres to get,

Pay yf ye anger them, they wyll lape you on the face,

Oz elles their nayles in your chekes, they wyll set,

Pay lyke a rasoz, some of their nayles are whet.

That not foz to pare, but to cut to the bone,

I count him most happell, that medelles with none.

Well far you well, foz I must be packinge,

Remembar my wordes, and beare it in mynde:

What suffer the myll, a whyle to be clackinge,

Yf that you intend, aney ease foz to fynde.

Then wyll they be to you, both louinge and kinde.

Farewell cosen cutpurse, and be ruled by me,

Oz elles you may chaunce, to end on a tre.

Go out.

*Horesses.*

Syth y the gods haue geuen vs grace, this realme foz to posses

Which floppeth aboundantlye, with gold & great riches.

Let vs now se how much the wilds, & minde of all this land,

Is vnto vs and of their state, lyke wyse to vnderstand.

*Hermione.*

I deme of them *Horesses* myne, that they contentyd be,

With humbell hart foz to submyte, o kyng them selues to ye, altho truth

Wherefoze my lone inquisare, their state this ptesente tyme,

And of their hartes good wyll to vs, o king let them deuynue.

*Horesses.*

As I do loue the laydye bright, so eke I thynke in dede,

That loue foz loue as equallye, shalbe reeward of mede.

*Hermione.*

The godes neuer prolonge my lyfe, that day I shall a peare,

*E.ij.*

Let Des

wyt and

To

# A New Enterlude.

Truth is To bytake my sayth to the now plyght, my louing lord so deere.  
 he & crowne in

Hoyses.

Com on my Lordes & commons eke, let me now vnderstand,  
 Of all your mindes so, I desire, to know what ease this land  
 their rig- Doth now consist vnderstate the same, therefore to shew to me,  
 byt hands, And yf that ought be now a myse, amended it shalbe.

Nobelles.

God regall Prynce we now are boyd, of mostall wars berattis  
 And throught your grace we ar ioynd, in loue w euerp nation.  
 So y your nobelles may now lyue, in pleasaunt state sertaine,  
 Denoyd of wars & ciuill stryfes, whyle y your grace doth raine  
 The which you may I pray the god, with happy days and blys  
 And after death to send you there, where soules shall neuer mys.

Let truth

As syne of our obedyence, lo Deinty doth the Crowne,  
 And Truth also which doth me bynd, they subiecte to be found.

& Dewty

Hoyses.

Crowne

Hoyses.

My Nobels all I gyue you thanks, for this now shewed to me  
 And as you haue so eke will I, the lyke shew vnto ye.

My commons how gole it w you, your state now let me know,  
 Commons.

Where as such on as you do raine, there nedes must riches grow  
 We are o king easyd of the yoke, which we haue so desired,  
 The state of this our common welth, nedanot to be inquired.  
 Peace, welth, ioye, and felycitte, o kinge it is we haue,  
 And what thing is their y which, subiects ought moze to craue  
 Hoyses.

Spoth all thinges is in so good state, my commons as you saye  
 That it may so contynew styll, the sacred godes I praye.  
 And as to me your trusteyues, shall anye wayes be found,  
 So styll to mayntayne your estate, I surceley shalbe bound.  
 And for your saythfull hartes, the which you graunted haue to me  
 Both you my lordes, and commons eke, I thanke you hartely.  
 Therefore sith tyme wil haue an end, & now my mind you know  
 Let vs giue place to tyme, and to our pallase let vs go.

Nobelles.

We both wil waight vpon your grace, yf please you to depart  
 Commons.

Euene when you please to waigh you on I shall w all my hart  
 Truth,







Truth.

Go out all  
 & let truth  
 & Dewe  
 speake,

Debtors.

Where I Dewtey am neglected, of any estate,  
Their styfe and dyffention, my platte do supplye;  
Cankred mallice pryde, and debate,  
Therefore to rest, all meanes do trye.  
Then ruin comes after, of their state whereby,  
They are bitterly extinguyshed, leuinge nought behynde,  
Wherof so much as their, name we maye fynde.

Truth.

He that leaueh his lyfe, as his phansey doth lyeke,  
 Though for a whyle, the same he maye hyde:  
 Yet Truth, the daughter of Tyme, wylt it seke,  
 And so in a tyme, it wyl be discouyde.  
 Yet in such tyme as it can not, be denyde:  
 But receaue be to punishment, as god shall so.  
 For the sake commytted, most conuenient to be.  
 As this woꝛde here hath, made open vnto ye,  
 Which yf it haue byn marked, much prophete may arge?  
 For as Truth sayth, nothings wryten be,  
 But for our learnynge, in anye kynde of wyse.  
 By which we may learne, the yll to dyspise,  
 And the truth to imitate, thus Truth doth saue:  
 The which for to do, I beseech God we maue.

Debotep.

For your gentle patience, we gentely thanke hartely,  
And therefore our dewtey weyed, let vs all praye,  
For Elizabeth our Queene, whose gracious maiestie:  
May rayne ouer vs, in helth for aye,  
I praye to god, that euery man, each wif, child maye,  
Haue the benefite of grace, with goodnes to obeye.

A New Enterlude of Wyce.

In settinge by vertue, and wyce to correte.

Truth.

For all the Nobyltye, and spirytualtie, let vs praye,  
For Iudges, and head officers, what euer they be:  
According to oure boundaunt deuoties, espettally I saye,  
For my Lord Maye, lyfetyernaunt of this noble Cytie,  
And for all his bytherne, with the comynaltie.  
That eache of them, doinge their deuoties aright,  
May after death posses heauen, to their hartes delyght.

Printed by W. J. P.

S A P I



Printed at London in Fleetstreet, at the signe of the  
Faucon, by William Byrd, and are to be sold  
at his shoppe in Saynte Dunstons Church  
yarde. Anno. Domini, 1567.











14 DAY USE  
RETURN TO DESK FROM WHICH BORROWED

## LOAN DEPT.

This book is due on the last date stamped below, or  
on the date to which renewed.

Renewed books are subject to immediate recall.

REC'D LD AUG 23 1961	JUL 11 1968 2 7
	RECEIVED
9 Mar '64 L M	JUL 25 '68 -2 PM
REC'D LD AUG 3 '64 -10 AM	MAR 25 1969 7 2
	RECEIVED
SEP 12 1966 3 8	APR 1 '69 -4 PM
	LOAN DEPT.
DEC 7 -1966 9	
RECEIVED	NOV 9 1974 1 9
DEC 14 '66 -12 M	REC. CHL JUN 4 '75
LOAN DEPT.	
Due end of FALL Quarter subject to recall after	OCT 31 71 22
REC'D LD LD 21A-50m-12,'60 (B6221s10)476B	OCT 25 71-2 PM 65
	General Library University of California Berkeley



C0310984

201618

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY



